

A N
ARCHAEOLOGICAL EPISTLE
TO THE
REVEREND AND WORSHIPFUL
JEREMIAH MILLES, D.D.
DEAN OF EXETER,
PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES,
AND EDITOR OF A SUPERB EDITION OF THE POEMS
OF
THOMAS ROWLEY, PRIEST:
TO WHICH IS ANNEXED
A GLOSSARY,
EXTRACTED FROM THAT OF THE LEARNED DEAN.
THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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*Rev W. Mason
or J. Baynes
1/4*

AN
 ARCHAEOLOGICAL EPISTLE
 TO THE
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THIS Edition is printed on a larger paper, of the same size with that of the last edition of *Rowley's Poems*, in order that such persons, as have not yet bound up that valuable work, much more valuable on account of its notes, may insert it in the place where commendatory verses are usually printed.

THOMAS ROWLEY, PRIEST.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED
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PRINTED FOR J. NICHOLS;
 And sold by J. WALKER, Stationer, in Pall Mall; and by J. WALKER, Stationer, in Pall Mall; and by J. WALKER, Stationer, in Pall Mall;
 [The following is a list of booksellers, but the text is too faint to transcribe accurately.]

P R E F A C E.

AS Archaeological science most certainly excels Chinese gardening, and as a president of the society of antiquaries takes precedence (at least on English ground) of a knight of the polar star, I flatter myself, that, in point of subject, and choice of the personage to whom I address myself, I may vie with the inimitable author of the celebrated *Heroic Epistle*. I shall, however, forbear to enter the lists with him as a poet, or march in the rear of his numerous host of imitators: my modesty prevents the one, and my vanity the other. Instead, therefore, of writing heroically, I shall write archaeologically; or, to speak more properly, heroico-archaeologically, employing a style and manner, of which there is at present only one exemplar in the known world, and of which, I trust, the following epistle will be found an absolute *fac-simile*. And I am the rather inclined to do this, because I am credibly informed, that many formidable critics are still attempting to disprove the authenticity of my original. Now, should they succeed in this attempt, the reader easily perceives, that I may claim a kind of *fee-simple* right to this style by way of direct inheritance: for, should all the old chests in all the parish churches of the kingdom, after a

B

pregnancy

pregnancy of four centuries, choose to bring forth a tuneful progeny of pastorals, tragedies, epic poems, and what not, it cannot be imagined, that the said chests will ever pretend, that they were impregnated in the same wonderful manner, and by the same occult personage, with that of St. Mary Redclift. I must, therefore, if her pretty bantlings be proved supposititious, or illegitimate, necessarily rise up the first archaeological poet in Great Britain.

In this eventful moment, therefore, of literary suspense, let not any rash reader presume to say, that I imitate Rowley; for then another will as peremptorily answer, that I imitate Chatterton. And if, on the contrary, he assert that I emulate Chatterton, the learned personage, whom I address, will be in gratitude bound to prove, that I emulate Rowley; which I own, indeed, I should like best, because then I should run a fair chance of excelling Homer, Theocritus, and the best poets of antiquity. But, be this as it may, I only say of myself simply and honestly, that I write archaeologically; and, as a most profound * etymologist has lately proved, that a writer must know his own meaning (a comfortable truth to know, in an age, in which so many authors write without any meaning) resting on his great authority, and taking for granted that I do know my own meaning, I profess only to write in common plain English first, and afterwards to unspell it, and unanglicize it, by means of that elaborate glossary, which Dr. Milles has fabricated for the use of the read-

* See Bryant's Observations, p. 29.

P R E F A C E.

ers of my original. Pity! great pity, indeed, it is, that while he was doing this, he did not also fabricate another for his imitators. Had he done this, and placed the modern words before the archaeological ones, it is certain the greatest part of my labour had been saved.

To supply this great desideratum, it is my intention (after my own fame is by my present production fully established) to write a complete *Art of archaeological poetry* in the manner of Mr. Byshe; and not only this, but to add to it a complete Anglo-Gothico-Saxonico-Chattertonic dictionary for the use of tiros. For this latter work I shall, however, order my bookfeller to article with Dr. Johnson, or any other writer in the trade (the Doctor, having been a dictionary-maker, might perhaps be the fittest) who, for a specified sum, or sheet by sheet, as they shall agree, may transpose Dr. Milles's glossary in the way above-mentioned, so that for any given English word the Gothico-Saxonico-Chattertonico, or any thing but English synonyme, may be immediately found. When this dictionary is duly formed, I will be bold to say, that this mode of writing will be found so easy, that every miss and master in the kingdom will be enabled to puzzle not only our old society of antiquaries here in England, but also that new Scotch one, which either is, or is about to be founded under the auspices of the Earl of Buchan.

On hinting this scheme to one of my friends, he told me it was not likely that Dr. Johnson would undertake the task, because were this style to become the fashion, it would eclipse his own. The objection seemed plausible at first, but, on re-

flection, I can see little weight in it. The merit of the Doctor's style is known to consist in his long words, hard words, and stiffly-constructed sentences. Now the style, which I have the honour to recommend, although there are a few long words in it, such as *amenufed*, *cherifaunied*, &c. &c. yet they are not nearly so long, or so numerous, as those of the Doctor's own coinage. Hard words too, I own, are to be found in it; but these only because they are obsolete, and not, like his, brought in through affectation, but from sheer necessity. Then, as to the construction of whole sentences, nothing in the world is so totally dissimilar, as the lexicaphanic and archaeologic manner: the one is *fwotie*, *mole*, and *festive*; the other *rugose*, *cacophonous*, and *dentifragent*.

Another reason, which my friend gave, why the Doctor would probably not undertake this employment, was, that he entertained heterodox notions concerning my archetype, the immortal Rowley*. But what then? Did not the Doctor once entertain heterodox notions concerning the right of the Hanover succession? And if a pension from the treasury could cure him of the latter, why may not a pension from my bookseller cure him of the former? My money is as good as a prime minister's; and, as (according to the old proverb) money makes the mare to go, so will it make his spavined pen flounder over any ground, dirty or clean, provided only that it be excused from taking that road, which leads to the real interests of his sovereign, or the constitutional liberty of

* His reason for this heterodoxy is probably this, that, Rowley having never had any life at all, there was no probability that any bookseller would ever pay him for becoming his biographer.

his fellow-subjects. Taking it, therefore, for granted that, if we come up to his price (which, I trust, the sale of the present work will enable me to do) the Doctor will engage in the task, I shall point out, with much brevity, a few of the many advantages, that will accrue to the rising generation of poets, if, quitting a mode of versifying already grown threadbare, they would adopt this, which both by example and exhortation I here recommend to them. In the first place, let me assure them, that they will hereby find rimes as plenty as blackberries: for, as archaeology introduces a whole regiment of new-old words, and gives one leave either to use them or not, just as we please, it is plain, that now it will be full as easy to write in rime as in blank-verse, or even in plain prose. And, to shew that I do not make a false assertion, I will produce one instance out of a thousand from my original, and that from the famous *Songe to Aella*. The poet had in one line written:

“Beesprengedd all the *mees* wythe gore.”

In a subsequent stanza he writes:

“Orr seeft the hatchedd ftede

“Ypraunceyng o’er the *mead*.”

Now *mees* being the archaeological word, and *mead* the modern English one, it is plain he thought himself at liberty to write modern English, whenever rime required him to do so. Another benefit is, that the poet will be almost entirely emancipated from the vile shackles of grammar; a point so clear, that the reader has only to cast his eye on any page in my exemplar, to find Priscian’s head broken by the poet,

and.

and healed by his commentator with equal facility. As to orthography, there is only one rule, and that the most simple that can be imagined (which, however, it is not necessary constantly to regard) and this is, to put as many letters as you can possibly crowd into a word, and then rest assured, that that word will look truly archaeological.

But the last and best thing I shall mention is that great and unspeakable emolument, which the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y* brings to a necessitated versifier: as *yprauuncing* for *prauuncing*, *ymenging* for *menging*, &c. &c. By having this always at his beck, that poet, who cannot write a smooth line in any given number of syllables, deserves, in my opinion, never to write a line at all. For this dear little *y* comes and goes just as one pleases, and may truly be called the archaeological poet's toad-eater. In short, with a little variation, we may apply that eulogy to it, which Dryden has given to St. Cæcilia's music: it hath

“ Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

“ And added length to *any* sounds.”

Such, with a great many more, are the advantages, that attend this style of poetry. It is not, therefore, I think, greatly to be wondered at, that either a priest of the fifteenth century, or that a boy of fifteen years of age (take which you please) should write with greater facility at least, if not greater spirit, than those miserable vernacular poets, who are so poor, comparatively, in point of rime, that they have not one to throw at a dog; who are tied so tight to the whipping-post of grammar, and fixed so fast in the stocks of orthography,

thography, that they have hardly an idea at liberty; and, which is worst of all, cannot eke out a halting line by any other method, than a totally different expression. Oh! if you reflect coolly on these things, my dear brethren of the quill, I am fully persuaded that all of you, like me, will turn archaeologists.

Having thus cursorily shewn what great benefits this style confers upon writers, I might now proceed to prove what superior delectation it affords to readers. But here I am forestalled by the learned Dean, who, in his preliminary and all his other masterly dissertations on the works of my predecessor, has irrefragably proved the point. Indeed, as president of the society of antiquaries, and editor of their valuable *Archaeologia*, he has, I think, an absolute prescriptive right to dissent on this subject. I am not, therefore, without my hopes, that he will one day comment on the following epistle, which, if it want any thing, I am bold to say, wants only the illustrative notes of so sagacious an editor.

P. S. I have lately conceived that, as Dryden, Pope, &c. employed their great talents in translating Virgil, Homer, &c. that it would be a very commendable employment for the poets of the present age, to treat some of the better sort of their predecessors, such as Shakspeare and Milton, in a similar manner, by putting them into archaeological language. This, however, I would not call *translation*, but *transmutation*, for a very obvious reason. It is, I believe, a settled point among the critics, with Dr. Johnson at their head, that the greatest fault of Milton (exclusive of his political tenets)

is, that he writ in blank verse. See then and admire how easily this might be remedied.

PARADISE LOST, Book I.

Offe mannes fyrste bykrous volunde wolle I finge,
And offe the fruicte offe yatte caltyfnyd tre

Whose lethal taste into thys worlde dydde brynge

Both morthe and tene to all posteritie.

How very near also (in point of dramatic excellence) would Shakspeare come to the author of *Aella*, if some of his best pieces were thus transmuted! As for instance the soliloquy of Hamlet, "*To be, or not to be.*"

To blynne or not to blynne the denwere is;

Gif it be bette wythin the spryte to beare

The bawfyn floses and tackels of dystresse,

Orr by forloynyng amenuse them clere.

But I throw these trifles out, only to whet the appetite of the reader, for what he is to feast on in the subsequent pages.

Mile-End,

Vale & fruere.

March 15th, 1782.

EPISTELLE

TO

DOCTOURE MYLLES.

I.

AS whanne a gronfer ^a, with arduous ^b glowe,
 Han ^c from the mees ^d liche ^e sweltrie ^f sun arift ^g,
 The lordynge ^h toade awhaped ⁱ creepethe flowe,
 To hilde ^k his groted ^l weam ^m in mokie ⁿ kiste ^o;
 Owlettes yblente ^p alyche dooe flizze ^q awaie,
 In ivye-wympled ^r shade to glomb ^s in depe dismaie.

EXPLANATION.

STANZA I. ^a A meteor. ^b Burning. ^c Hath. ^d Meadows. ^e Like. ^f Sultry.
^g Arose. ^h Standing on his hind legs; rather, heavy, sluggish. ⁱ Astonished,
 or terrified. ^k Hide. ^l Swelled. ^m Womb, or body. ⁿ Black.
^o Coffin. ^p Blinded, or dazzled. ^q Fly away. ^r Ivy-mantled. ^s Frown.

C

II.

II.

So, dygne ^a Deane Mylles, whanne as thie wytte ^b so rare
 Han Rowley's amenused ^c fame chevysed ^d,
 His foemenne ^e alle forlette ^f theyre groffish gare ^g,
 Whyche in theyre houton sprytes ^h theie han devysed,
 Whanne thee theie ken ⁱ, wythe poyntel ^k in thie honde,
 Enroned ^l lyche anlace ^m fell, or lyche a burly-bronde ⁿ.

III.

Thomas of Oxenford, whose teeming brayne
 Three bawfin ^a rolles of olde rhymes historie
 Ymaken hanne wythe mickle tene ^b and payne,
 Nete kennethe ^c he of archeologie,
 Whoe pyghtes hys knowlacheinge ^d to preve echeone ^e
 Of Rowley's fetive ^f lynes were pennde bie Chattertone.

IV.

Hie thee, poore Thomas, hie thee to thie celle,
 Ne mo wythe auntyante vearse astounde ^a thy wytte ^b;
 Of seemlikeenly ^b rhym thou nete maie spelle;
 For herehaughtree ^c, or prose thou botte arte fyttre:
 Vearse for thie rede ^d is too grete mysterie;
 Ne e'er shalle Loverde ^e North ^f a Canynge proove to thee.

STANZA II. ^a Worthy, or glorious. ^b Wisdom, knowledge. ^c Diminished, lessened;
 or, metaphorically here, injured. ^d Restored, or redeemed. ^e Enemies.
^f Give up, or relinquish. ^g Rude, or uncivil cause. ^h Haughty souls.
ⁱ See. ^k Pen. ^l Brandished. ^m Sword. ⁿ Furious falchion.
 STANZA III. ^a Big, or bulky. ^b Labour, or sorrow. ^c Nothing knoweth he. ^d Tor-
 tures his learning. ^e Every one. ^f Elegant.
 STANZA IV. ^a Confound, or astonish. ^b Beautiful, or delicate. ^c Heraldry.
^d Knowledge, or wisdom. ^e Lord.

^a As this great Minister, either through necessity or choice, is apt to make use of a bad reason, instead of a good, here is one ready made to his hands for *not* doing what would have done him honour.

If it be considered, that the above verse was written at least a fortnight before the sudden (and to him the unexpected) rout of the ministry, the author may justly arrogate to himself not only the poetic, but the prophetic character.

V.

Deane Percy, albeytte thou bee a Deane,
 O whatte arte thou, whanne pheered^a with dygne Deane Mylle?
 Nete botte a groffyle^b acolythe^c I weene;
 Inne auntyante barganette^d lyes alle thie skylle.
 Deane Percy, Sabalus^e will hanne thy foughle,
 Giff mo thou doest amate^f grete Rowley's yellowe rolle.

VI.

Tyrwhyte, thoughe clergyonned in Geoffroie's leare^a,
 Yette scalle yat leare stonde thee in drybblet stedde^b.
 Geoffroie wythe Rowley how maieft thoue comphere^c?
 Rowley hanne mottes^d, yat ne manne ever redde,
 Ne couthe bewryenne^e inne anie syngle tyme,
 Yet reynneythe^f echeone mole^g, in newe and swotie ryme^h.

VII.

And yerfore, faitour^a, in ashrewed^b houre
 From Rowley's poyntel thou the lode^c dydst take.
 Botte lo! our Deane scalle wythe forweltrynge fhuir^d
 Thy wytte as pynant^e as thie bowke^f ymake;
 And plonce^g thee inne archeologic mudde,
 As thou ydreinted^h were in Severne's mokieⁱ fludde.

- STANZA V. ^a Matched, or compared. ^b Grovelling, or mean. ^c Candidate for
 Deacon's Orders. ^d Ballads. ^e The Devil, ^f Derogate from, or lessen.
 STANZA VI. ^a Well-instructed in Chaucer's language. ^b Little stead. ^c Compare.
 ^d Words. ^e Express, or speak in any single æra of our language.
 ^f Runeth, or floweth, ^g Soft. ^h In modern and sweet versification.
 STANZA VII. ^a Vagabond. ^b Accursed, or unfortunate. ^c Praise, or honour.
 ^d Blasting, or burning fury. ^e Pining, meagre. ^f Body, ^g Plunge.
 ^h Drenched. ⁱ Black, or muddy.

VIII.

So have I seen, in Edinborowe-towne,

A ladie faire in wympled paramente^a

Abbrodden goe^b, whanne on her powrethe downe

A mollock hepe^c, from opper oryal^d fente;

Who, whanne shee lookethe on her unswote geare^e,

Han liefer^f ben beshet^g thanne in thilke^h steynctⁱ aumere^k.

IX.

"Spryte of mie Graie," the minstrelle^a Maisonne cries,

"Some cherifaunie^b 'tys to mie sadde harte,

"That thou, whose fetive^c poesie I pryze,

"Wythe Pyndarre kyng of mynstrells lethlen^d arte.

"Else nowe thie wytte to dernie roin^e han come,

"For havynge protollene grete Rowley's hie renome^f.

X.

"Yette, giff^a thou sojourned in this earthly vale,

"Johnson atte thee had broched^b no neder^c styng; "

"Hee, cravent^d, the ystorven^e dothe assayle,

"Butte atte the quyck^f ne dares hys venome flynge.

"Quyck or ystorven, giff I kenne aryghte,

"Ne Johnson, ne Deane Mylle, scalle e'er agrose^g thie spryte."

STANZA VIII. ^a Drest in a princely robe. ^b Go abroad in the street. ^c A moist, or wet heap, or load. ^d Upper chamber-window. ^e Unsweet, or stinking apparel. ^f Had rather. ^g Been shut up, or confined still at home. *For this word, see Kersey.* ^h Such. ⁱ Stained. ^k Robe, or mantle.

STANZA IX. ^a Poet. ^b Comfort. ^c Elegant. ^d Dead. ^e Sad ruin. ^f Been the first to kill or destroy the high fame of Rowley.

STANZA X. ^a If. ^b Pointed. ^c Adder. ^d Coward. ^e The dead. ^f The living. ^g Grieve, or trouble.

XI.

XI.

Butte, minstrelle Maisonne, blyn^a thie chyrtkeynge dynne^b;

On thee scalle be bewrecked^c grete Rowley's wronge;

Thou, wythe thie compheere^d Graie, dydde furst begynne

To speke inne deignous denwere^e offe hys songe,

And, wythe enstroted^f Warpool^{*}, deemed hys laies

Freshe as newe rhymes ydropte inne ladie Myller's vase.

XII.

Oh Warpool, ne dydde thatte borne^a vase conteyne

Thilke swotie^b excremente of poete's leare^c;

Encaled^d was thie hearte as carnes^e ybene,

Soe to asterte^f hys sweft-kerved scryvennere^g.

Thy synne doe Loverde^h Advocate's surpasse;

Starvation bee thou nempteⁱ, thou broder^j of Dundasse.

XIII.

Enough of thilke adrames^a, and strains like these,

Speckled wythe uncouth words like leopard's skin;

Yet bright as Avon gliding o'er her mees,

And soft as ermine robe that wraps a king;

Here, furste of wiseggers^b, I quit thy glos,

Nor more with Gothic terms my modern lays emboss.

STANZA XI. ^a Cease. ^b Disagreeable noise, or prate. ^c Revenged. ^d Associate, or companion. ^e Disdainful, or contemptuous doubt. ^f Deserving of punishment.

STANZA XII. ^a Burnished, or polished. ^b Such sweet, or delicate. ^c Learning. ^d Cold, or frozen. ^e Stones, or rocks. ^f Neglect. ^g Short-lived transcriber. ^h Lord. ⁱ Called. ^j Brother.

STANZA XIII. ^a Such churls, or rather dreamers. ^b Philosopher, but here put for a person skilled in antient learning, *furste of wiseggers* being synonymous to *president of the antiquarian society*. They are not to be regarded, who derive the contemptuous term *wiseggers* from this radix.

* So Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, spells Mr. Walpole's name; I therefore have adopted her mode of orthography, as more archaeological.

XIV.

XIV.

For vearse lyche thyffe been as a puddynge fayre,
 At Hocktyde ^a feaste by gouler ^bcooke besprente
 Wythe scanty plumbes, yat shemmer ^c heere and there,
 Like estells ^d in the eve-merk ^e fermamente,
 So that a schoolboie maie with plaie, not paine,
 Pycke echeone ^f plumbe awaie, and leave the puddynge playne.

XV.

Yet still each line shall flow as sweet and clear,
 As Rowley's self had writ them in his roll;
 So they, perchance, may sooth thy sapient ear,
 If aught but obsolete can touch thy soul.
 Polish'd so pure by my poetic hand,
 That kings themselves may read, and courtiers understand.

XVI.

O mighty Milles, who o'er the realms of sense
 Hast spread that murky antiquarian cloud,
 Which blots out truth, eclipses evidence,
 And taste and judgement veils in sable shroud;
 Which makes a beardless boy a monkish priest,
 Makes Homer string his lyre, and Milton ape his jest *;

XVII.

STANZA XIV. ^a Shrovetide, or any tide Mr. Bryant pleases, who has written most copiously on the term, and almost settled its precise meaning. ^b Stingy, or covetous. ^c Glimmer. ^d Stars, from the French. ^e Dusky. ^f Every.

* The reverend Editor proves, in his manner, that numberless passages, in *The Battle of Hastings*, are not only borrowed from the original Greek of Homer, but also greatly improved. In the same way he has, with peculiar sagacity, found out, "that the grave Milton, in his *PENSEROSO*, amused himself by reflecting on the *buskin'd* tale of Chaucer in these lines:

Or

XVII.

Expand that cloud still broader, wond'rous Dean !
 In pity to thy poor Britannia's fate ;
 Spread it her past and present state between,
 Hide from her memory that she e'er was great,
 That e'er her trident aw'd the subject sea,
 Or e'er bid Gallia bow the proud reluctant knee.

XVIII.

Tell her, for thou hast more than Mulgrave's wit,
 That France has long her naval strength surpass,
 That Sandwich and Germaine alone are fit
 To shield her from the desolating blast ;
 And prove the fact, as Rowley's being, clear,
 That loans on loans and loans her empty purse will bear.

XIX.

Bid all her lords, obsequious to command,
 As lords that best besit a land like this,
 Take valiant Viscount Sackville by the hand,
 Bid bishops greet him with a holy kiss,
 For forming plans to quell the rebel-tribe,
 Whose execution foil'd all bravery, and all bribe.

Or call up him that left half-told

The story of Cambuscan bold."

Just as Rowley had reflected on him before for not finishing his stories. See note on the Epistle to Mafire Canynge, p. 167. O ye venerable society of antiquarians, whatever ye in your wisdom shall think fit to do with the rest of your president's notes, inscribe this, I beseech you, in letters of gold over your new chimney-piece at Somerset House.

XX.

Teach her, two British armies both subdued,
 That still the free American will yield;
 Like Macbeth's witch *, bid her "Spill much more blood,"
 And stain with brethren's gore the flooded field;
 Nor sheath the sword, till o'er one little isle
 In snug domestic pomp her king shall reign and smile.

XXI.

So from a dean'ry "rising in thy trade,"
 And puff'd with lawn by byshoppe-millanere †,
 Ev'n glommed ‡ York, of thy amede † afraid,
 At Lollard's Tower † with spyryng † eye shall peer,
 Where thou, like Ælla's spyte, shalt glare on high,
 The triple crown to seize, if old Cornwallis die †.

STANZA XXI. * Byshoppe-millanere—the word is formed from horfe-millanere, and means the robe-maker, or sempstress, of the lords spiritual. † Sullen, cloudy, or dejected. ‡ Reward, or preferment. † The highest tower in the palace of Lambeth. † Aspiring, or ambitious.

* This was left unnoted in the first edition, in order that it might prove a crust to the critics: and, if the author is well-informed, some of them have mumbled it. They say, and they say truly, that there is no such expression in the play of Shakspeare. But, in the representation of that play, where Dryden's alterations are admitted, for the sake of some very fine old music, which Lock originally set to them, the following chorus over the caldron is well known by the frequenters of the theatre;

"He must, he shall, he will *spill much more blood*,

"And become worse, to make his title good."

Now the author has cautiously not called the witch, who sings this, *Shakspeare's* witch, but "*Macbeth's* witch;" and therefore the quotation is pertinent, though Dryden, and not Shakspeare, put the words into her mouth.

† All readers of true classical taste will, I trust, applaud this concluding stanza, which returns to the style, in which the epistle began, in judicious subserviency to the rule of Horace:

————— Servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

F I N I S.